

The Washington Times' Daily Magazine Page

All's Well That Ends Well

The Story of the Girl Who Envied the Woman Who Sold Papers.

By Jane McLean

Betty passed the old woman every morning, rain or shine. Sometimes the raindrops shining on her wet face made Betty sorrowful for the day; but when it was clear she was content to buy a paper and hurry away.

Betty, like the average girl who works in the city, was warm-hearted and impulsive. To her, the idea of an old woman working for a living by selling papers was terrible. Betty thought of her own good position, and involuntarily compared her comfortable salary with what the old woman made. How horrible, the girl reflected, that at that age it was necessary to work in order to keep alive. And yet there must be plenty of people who were forced to do it; each morning, rain or shine, Betty came to business the same way and always stopped to get a paper.

Once Helen caught an early train and journeyed down town with her, and they stopped together to buy a paper. It happened to be a rainy morning and the woman's greying hair glistened with wet drops.

"How horrible," Helen exclaimed, as they gained the shelter of the subway steps.

"What?" asked Betty, although she knew perfectly well.

"Why to see that old woman out on a morning like this, selling papers. How awful that must be. Did you ever think of being old, Betty, and dependent on someone else? It must be terrible to be old."

"O, for Heaven's sake, Helen," said Betty pettishly, "don't begin to talk about the future on a morning like this. Wait until the sun shines and I can manage to be philosophical."

"You ought to be able to face the truth," Helen returned. "I'm glad when I see a thing like that, that I am safely engaged."

"What difference does that make?" asked Betty scornfully.

"All the difference in the world, if you can think when you feel blue that the man you love is going to be able to look out for you for the rest of your life."

Personally, Betty felt this a very selfish viewpoint, but she did not say so, she boarded the train in silence and the picture of the old woman, gray-haired and glistening in the rain, followed her all day. That night Betty fearfully emerged from the subway station and looked around. She hoped the woman would not be there, although it had stopped raining and had dried off.

beautifully. But there she was sitting in her accustomed place, and Betty slunk past as though she were ashamed of being alive and of wearing a neatly pressed blue suit and a smart little hat.

After that, Betty chose the opposite side of the street in the morning. Sometimes she fancied the woman noticed her, and the fact made her uncomfortable, but if possible she simply hurried on her way into the subway station and tried to forget that the woman was anywhere around.

One day it happened that Betty really wanted to buy the paper. She was looking for something special, and as it was a beautiful day, and she felt particularly well, she approached the usual place with less intrepidity than she generally felt. She was accustomed to taking the paper and leaving a penny in its place, but this morning, much to her chagrin, she discovered that she had no change and was, therefore, forced to stop. If she imagined for a minute that this was going to happen, she would have hurried on her way, but after she had stopped she hadn't the heart to do anything but buy her paper. The woman expected it.

"Isn't it a lovely day?" Betty asked shyly.

The woman smiled, and Betty in amazement, watched the face before her change.

"Yes, it is a lovely day," the woman returned. The smile still lingered on her features as she counted out Betty's change and then she lifted her face to the girl's again. Strangely attracted, almost against her instincts, Betty still lingered.

"I suppose it's pretty tiresome sitting here day in and day out. I have seen you so often," she began tentatively.

"O, yes," the woman returned. "I have seen you too, always so neat, so happy."

"Yes, I am happy," the girl returned.

"But lately you don't walk on my side, how is that?" questioned the woman in her foreign way.

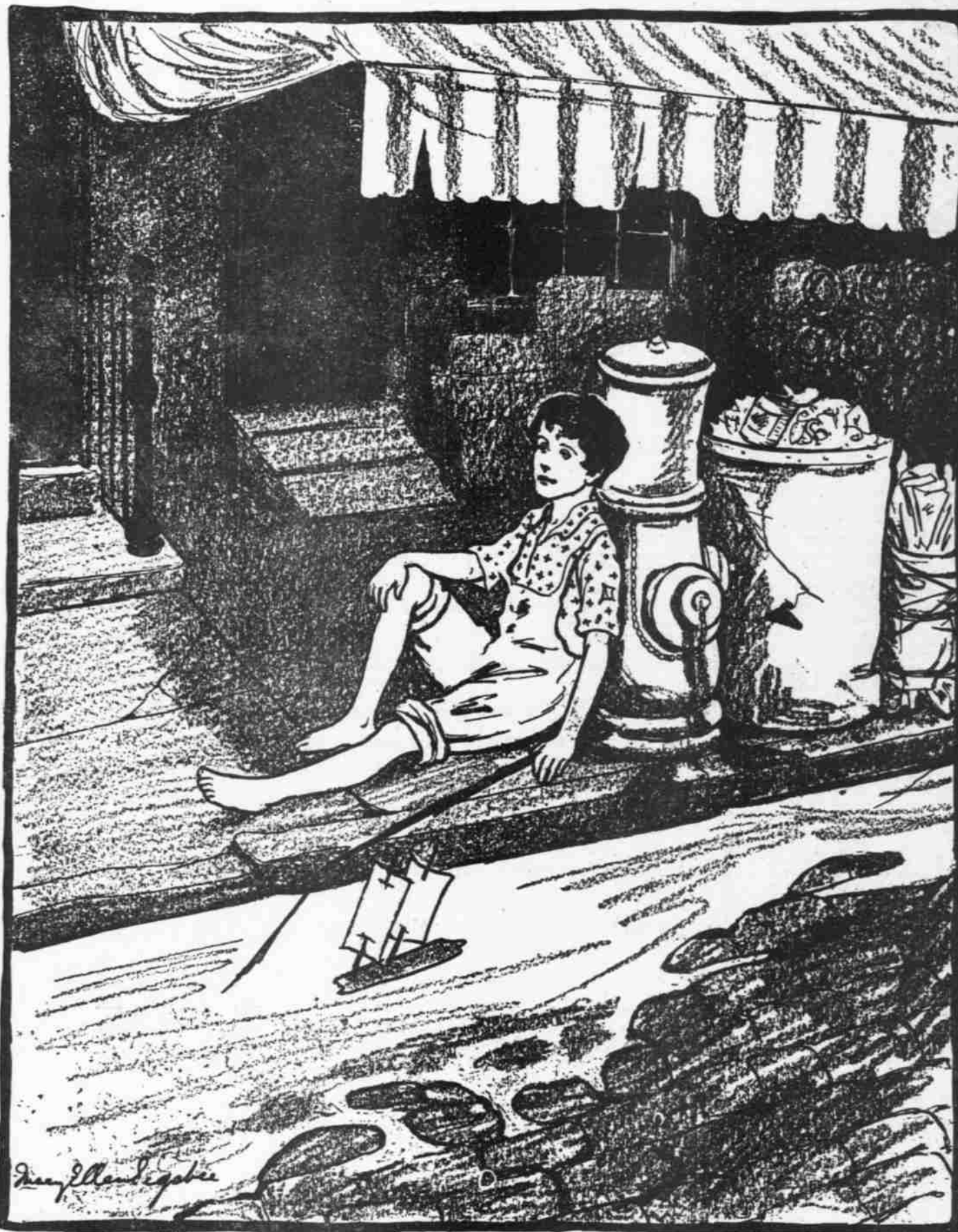
Betty flushed uncomfortably. She hardly knew what to answer. Just before she could speak, the woman went on speaking.

"You think it's tiresome for me, Ah, no, I love the work. I sit here and feel the sun or the rain, and watch the people. O, the people," she sighed happily. "I grow to know them all. Why there is nothing so nice in the world as my paper stand. Tiresome you say? Ah, no, not that."

And Betty on her way to business felt somehow as if she had learned a much needed lesson.

The Yachting Trip

By MARY ELLEN SIGSBEE



By Mary Ellen Sigsbee.

THE nearest that this little boy ever came to a yachting trip was sitting dangling his legs over a river pier one hot day and watching a white-winged craft come to anchor in midstream. The boat seemed to him like a great enchanted swallow that carried only fairy passengers between its outspread wings. He never thought of envying the fairies—he just dreamed dreams about them. This boy was happy because he possessed an imagination.

Imagination is something even more, however, than a source of happiness. It has scaled every height that man has climbed—before the

man himself. It comes nearer to having the power of a god than any gift that man is heir to.

Imagination must precede even the most trivial undertaking upon which we embark—the merchant's new invoice, yes—even the housewife's Spring cleaning. Nothing that we do with set purpose but that imagination alone enables us to frame that purpose.

Would we be something very different from what we are? We have first had to use our imagination to picture to ourselves that thing we would be.

Perhaps we will wake up some day and find out that it was only steadiness of purpose we needed to cultivate, after all. Perhaps the fact that we are able to imagine such wonderful things is only the prophetic glimpse of what we each can do when we will to do it.

Freaks of Tornadoes

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Some of the Odd Things the Whirling Storms Do—This a Remarkable Year for Them.

SO far this has been a remarkable year for tornadoes, possibly in sympathy with the agitations in the sun. A fully-developed tornado is the most terrifying, and, within the narrow limits of its activity, the most destructive phenomenon of the atmosphere. There is about it an appearance of personality and of malevolent capriciousness that characterizes no other kind of storm, and which makes it a veritable fiend of the air. A strange stillness and oppressive heat precede its approach. It has a color of its own, worn by no other meteor, a ghastly, dingy, sickening, black-green—the dreadful "tornado-sky," whose appearance sends a shiver through the nerves. It has the voice of a howling demon, shaking the earth, hurling the atmosphere into tumultuous rolling and roaring waves of sound, which sink and rise, pause and burst out again with redoubled fury, grumbling, rumbling and growling at one moment, and the next splitting the ear as with "the bellow of a million mad bulls," or "the roar of ten thousand trains crashing across an iron bridge."

Its motions are like those of a yelling maniac, leaping, bounding, whirling, plouetting, swinging this way and that as it rushes onward, crushing and tearing everything, and flinging the brayed and bruised pieces skyward and broadcast with insane vehemence.

The awful vortex that it thrusts down, like the twisting trunk of a maddened, sky-tail elephant, or the fang of a voracious, Brobdignagian spider, is as black as night, and full of fearful, internal spinings. Where it passes cattle, horses, men and women, fences, house-roofs, barns, haystacks, pebbles, bushes, trees, and the water of wells, ponds, and creeks, are sucked upward, or else flung in every direction as by a bursting shell.

Its caprices are without number. It will strip the feathers clean from a fowl without otherwise injuring it. It will carry a calf, or a calf, out of a meadow and set it down unharmed in an adjoining field. It will bear children and even grown persons long distances through the air and deposit them still alive upon the earth. It will turn a house, or a barn, completely round on its base without tearing it to pieces. It will drive a fence-rail through the trunk of a tree or the clap-boards of a barn, and will decorate the side of a building, or a tree with sharp splinters, shot into the wood end-on, like so many darts or arrows. It will unroof, or demolish, a house and leave another just beside it untouched. Sometimes it will carry away a half a house, cutting it across as with the blow of a cleaver.

The tornado that destroyed a large part of the little cities of Charleston and Mattoon in Illinois,

on May 26 last, was watched and studied by Mr. J. P. Carey, of the State Normal School at Charleston, which was situated a mile south of the track of the storm. He says that the destruction was complete in a zone from 50 to 100 feet wide to the right of the center of the track. The buildings destroyed "were more completely demolished than if a gigantic roller had passed over them, for they were broken into short sticks, split into narrow pieces, and some parts carried rods and even miles eastward."

Objects to the right of the center were moved forward and in, while those to the left of the center were moved backward and in. This shows the existence of the whirl at the vortex. The velocity of the whirl on the right-hand side, where the rotary motion was in the direction of the advance of the storm, was estimated at 400 miles per hour.

This would give a probable pressure of at least 400 pounds per square foot on surfaces normally exposed to the blast. Catapults were driven endwise a half inch into a maple tree, and blunt cedar sticks an inch and a half into posts. At the assumed maximum speed of the wind their velocity would have been about 600 feet per second.

One tree, says Mr. Carey, was "decorated like an Indian's helmet with feathers." A pump and fourteen feet of water were sucked from a well. The vortex must have passed directly over the well, the suction indicating that the central axis was a partial vacuum, in which the exhaustion of air must have been very great. On this occasion the evidences of "explosive action" were not as numerous as sometimes occurs. When the vortex passes across a house the walls are occasionally burst open by the outward pressure of the imprisoned air. More frequently the windows are blown outward.

Tornadoes are an American meteorological product, as distinctive in their way as the rattlesnake. They hardly occur at all outside the central portion of the United States. They almost invariably break out in the southeastern quadrant of a cyclonic depression and are attended by thunderstorms. Their fundamental cause is an unstable condition of a small portion of the atmosphere, the precise origin of which is uncertain, but which produces a rapid ascent of heated air in a narrow column, as if it were pouring up through a chimney. The ascending current acquires a swift, spiral rotation, and as it cools by expansion its moisture condenses into a funnel-shaped cloud that swiftly lengthens downward, and thus assumes the appalling appearance of a black, quivering proboscis let down from the clouds. In this funnel the power and fury of the strange storm are concentrated.

Once Overs

Dollars and Dishonor

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For weeks, months, perhaps, you have been revolving, mentally, a certain scheme for making more money.

The little scheme is not honest and you fear detection or you would have put it in operation before.

At present your whole thought is how to cover up your dishonesty so completely that it will never become known should you carry out your plan.

In fact, your very actions at the present time are to make others believe implicitly in your honesty of purpose that you may the more easily carry out your nefarious work when the time comes to make your plan a success.

The length of time you have spent in thinking of this track-covering process might better have been used to evolve a plan for clean, honest money.

It is an achievement to be able to make money by honorable methods. To make money and yet be on the square, wouldn't that make you feel good?

Because some other men you know have resorted to underhanded methods to turn a few hundred dollars, more or less, is no reason for you to excuse yourself.

The enjoyment which goes with ill-gotten gain is no enjoyment at all. No sum of money can recompense you for a lifelong fear of dishonor.

All Star Recipes

The following recipes have been tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, conducted by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, and are republished here by special arrangement with that publication, the Nation's Greatest Home Magazine.

All measurements are level, standard half-pint measuring cups, tablespoons and teaspoons being used. Sixteen level tablespoonfuls equal a half-pint. Quantities are sufficient for six persons unless otherwise stated. Flour is sifted once before measuring.

Roman Biscuits.

Two tablespoonfuls butter, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 2 tablespoonfuls Indian meal.

Chop butter, meal and salt into the dough and leave in a warm place until the butter is soft. Tip out on a board sprinkled with Indian meal and mold until thoroughly blended. Roll the dough very thin and sift over it a bit more of the meal, then roll it in lightly with the rolling-pin. Run a creased cookie-roller over it and cut with a pastry-wheel in either long, narrow strips or in cookie shapes, using fancy cutters. Bake quickly till it is a golden brown. Serve hot.

Beef Loaf

2360 Calories

Two pounds ground round steak, 1 cupful white rolled oats, 1 dozen ripe olives, chopped, 1 small white onion, chopped, 2 cupfuls canned tomatoes, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1/2 teaspoonful pepper.

Mix in the order given, season with salt and pepper, and bake in a moderate oven for one hour in a bread pan. Remove loaf from pan and make a gravy from the liquor,

Shrewsbury Cakes.

One cupful butter, 1 1/2 cupfuls sugar, 5 eggs, 1 nutmeg or 1 teaspoonful rosewater, 1/2 cupful milk, about 1 quart flour.

Cream butter and sugar together, add the eggs beaten separately, and then milk, flavoring and flour—just enough to make the batter drop from a spoon. Beat well, drop with a spoon on buttered tin, sift sugar over it, and bake. Cut in squares.

Walnut or Pecan Cookies.

One-quarter cupful butter, one-half cupful sugar, two eggs, one and one-half cupfuls flour, one-third cupful milk, one-half teaspoonful salt, three-quarter cupful chopped nut meats, one teaspoonful baking powder.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg-yolks beaten very light, then whites beaten stiff, and other ingredients. Drop by half teaspoonfuls on buttered tin. Bake in a moderate oven.

Cream Cakes.

Tiny cream cakes, the size of a mouthful, are easily made, and may be filled with the usual cream or chocolate cream filling, strained and flavored apple sauce, or whipped cream; or they may be filled with chicken, lobster, celery, or crab salad. These may also be made into sandwiches, with a thimbleful of chicken, crab meat, or a bit of some choice jam for filling.

YES, you must be very slender and girlish to wear it, and, unless you modify it somewhat, perhaps you had better keep your cape on right up to the edge of the first curling wave! Unless, of course, you want to collect a group of followers to rival those who follow Mary Pickford now and then. Of mustard—color Jersey, with little lacing ribbons of purple velvet and purple bone buttons, was the fascinating original of this suit. The little cap which tops it was purple wash satin with a woven top and tassel of the mustard satin. The shock of finding a little tailor-made turban above such a strictly mermaid suit is very pleasurable!



This Attractive Model Was Designed By Ilickson, Fifth Avenue.

BLACK satin faced in satin of lustrous white and stitched in white wool are the ingredients used to make this wonderful conception. To them you add a great deal of skill and the happy thought that a pretty bathing suit may be so made that by doubling the length of the wee skirt you would have a good-looking suit dress. The wide cape collar and the slashed skirt speak for themselves. The belt is a surprise continuation of the collar itself. It crosses at the back and tumbles down merrily in front in little sash ends. The bloomers are cut exactly like riding breeches and avoid any hint of bulkiness at waist and hips.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By William F. Kirk.

P A took me to the ball game yesterday & all the way to the park Pa was telling me about the old days when he used to chum around with the Giants. They was grate friends of mine, sed Pa, them old Giants. I guess sum of them is left now, but fifteen years is a long time. I will introduce you to Mister McGraw, sed Pa. He will tell you how I used to practice with the Giants & teach them new plays, sed Pa.

So wen we got to the game we went and sat down in the front row of the grandstand. Pa showed me the players.

There is McGraw now, sed Pa, that determined looking gent with the iron gray hair. In a minnit I will call you over & introduce you, sed Pa. He is busy now telling the umpire what a grand gent he is. He is very fond of umpires.

I want to look at the game, I sed to Pa.

You can look at the game wen it starts, sed Pa, but first I want to point out all the objects of interest. That hill over there is Coogan's Bluff, sed Pa. Over there beyond left field is the elevated tracks. I hit a ball over there onst wen I was fooling around with the players at thare morning practice. Here cums Mac now, sed Pa. Hey, Mac.

Then Mister McGraw calm over & sed yure face looks familar. Didnt I used to know you in Truxton?

Why, no, sed Pa. Doant you remember wen I used to chum around with the players?

I remember that one year thare was too many gents chumming

around with my players, sed Mister McGraw. Maybe you were one of them.

How did the game cum out yesterday? sed Pa.

It was a tie, sed Mister McGraw, eleven to eight. Beesie McGuirk pitched for us, he sed, & then he walked away.

He is a grate fellow, Mac, sed Pa, him & me is jest like that. Now the game is starting, sed Pa. Watch it close, Bobbie, Pa sed, & maybe you will be able to git sum pointers that will help you in yure game with the kids. That is Teero pitching.

That is Ferritt pitching, sed a man wich was setting next to Pa. Put on yure glasses, he sed.

Oh, so it is, sed Pa. Doant mind these coarse pepul, Bobbie, sed Pa. They doant know to whom they are speaking to, he sed. See, he jest gair that man a base on balls.

You are crazy, sed the man wich speak to Pa befoor. That man jest made a single. Why doant you watch the game?

Pa didnt anser the man, his face was kind of red & I thot he wud hit the man, but he didnt. The man kep laffing at Pa whenever Pa sed anything so we got up & chinged our seats. I guess he was afraide he wud hurt the man if he hit him. All the way hoam after the game Pa toald me stories about the Old Days wen he was Mister McGraw's chum. It was different in the old days, he sed, & I guess it must have bin.

"What's in a Name."

The French Island of Reunion has changed its name four times in a little over half a century. In 1793 it was Bourbon, as it had been for a century and a half, but the Convention then changed it to Reunion. Under the Empire it became Isle Bonaparte; at the Restoration it reverted to Bourbon. Finally, in 1848, it became Reunion once more.